

Anadarko Daily Democrat

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ANADARKO, OKLAHOMA.

The Khedive of Egypt recently sent a present to Pope Leo XIII, in the shape of a mummy, dating back to two thousand years before the Christian era.

A movement is on foot in North Carolina, prompted by the tobacco dealers, to erect a statue of Sir Walter Raleigh in Raleigh. Collection boxes are to be placed in stores where tobacco is sold.

A line of "observation automobiles" is to be run in Washington, D. C., for the benefit of visitors. Each vehicle carries twenty-two passengers and will be accompanied by a lecturer on points of interest at the capital. The fuel is kerosene and the motive power steam.

Dr. S. J. Trexle of Kutztown, Pa., before his death, provided that everyone who attended his funeral should have a free dinner, and over 1,000 persons availed themselves of his offer at the two leading hotels, where arrangements had been made to feed the multitude.

A New York newspaper recently celebrated its fiftieth birthday by bringing out a copy of its first issue. That number contained, among many musty and forgotten things, an article on the Nicaraguan canal route, extracts from English papers on the superiority of American yachts, and an article on the sympathy of Americans with the Cubans, oppressed by Spain. Verily, "the thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think."

An American laundry machine company has recently shipped a complete steam laundry plant to Vladivostok, eastern Siberia. It will be capable of handling four thousand pieces of linen a day, and will consist of washers, centrifugal wringers and a large mangle. This is said to be the first introduction of such an equipment into that region. If so, it is doubtless a case of "Wringing out the old; wringing in the new," slightly to amend Tennyson's familiar lines.

The "Donau Zeitung," a Bavarian newspaper, gives currency to the rumor that the Kaiser has instructed the military authorities to remit all sentences passed on soldiers of the China expeditionary force. His Majesty, it is said, does not wish that the men who went voluntarily to China to fight for the Fatherland shall return home to undergo punishment. Quite a large number of soldiers of the German forces have been sentenced to more or less heavy punishment for offenses against military discipline committed in China and for excesses against the person and property of the Chinese.

When Emma Paul was called as a witness in court in Baltimore, Md., in a suit brought by her father against her mother, the astonishing facts were disclosed that, although she is aged twenty years, she did not understand the nature of an oath, had never been to a church or Sunday school, had never heard of God, or heaven, and did not know of the promise of immortality. It was discovered that the young woman had lived in Baltimore all her life, and that her home was in the heart of a densely populated section. Judge Wickes allowed her to testify, saying she was an extraordinary and unsatisfactory witness.

The street car companies of Chicago are apparently not in high favor with the Service committee of the committee on local transportation of the city council, for it has formulated a code that is likely to reduce the receipts of the railroad companies considerably. The committee at a meeting decided that if a passenger is obliged to stand up in a car and hang on to a strap he has received value for only four cents, and not five. Then the committee has suggested to the corporation counsel to enforce an ordinance relative to transfers, making it obligatory on the traction companies to furnish transfer slips to any of its intersecting lines.

An interesting operation has just been performed in the hospital attached to the University at Halle, Germany. A 6-year-old girl patient was suffering from partial paralysis and as the doctors in charge considered this could only arise from a tumor on the brain Prof. von Bramann decided to remove it. With an electric saw he cut out a piece of the skull a little larger than a half-crown, cut through the inner skin, and discovered a tumor as large as a walnut. The professor skillfully removed this tumor, sewed up the inner skin, fitted in again the round piece of the skull he had sawn out and sewed up the outer skin. The operation lasted an hour, and may be considered perfectly successful, as the child is quite well again and all symptoms of paralysis have disappeared.

TAUGHT FOR 41 YEARS

REMARKABLE RECORD OF AN EDUCATOR IN CHICAGO.

As an Instructor of Youth He Proved Eminently Successful—Many Owe Their Success in Life to His Methods of Teaching.

Dr. James R. Dewey of Chicago, who recently severed his connection with the educational interests of that city, has the unique experience of having spent 41 years of continuous work as an instructor. In 1860 he took the chair of Greek in the one High school then in Chicago and continued his services uninterruptedly until the last week in September when failing eyesight compelled his retirement. During his long term he varied from time to time the branches which he taught. When he first began he taught Greek and Latin and in after years this was changed for scientific branches. While engaged in the work of teaching he studied medicine and about 12 years ago was graduated. He also lectured in the Chicago Homeopathic Medical School.

When he became instructor in Chicago's first High school the number of pupils in that institution was 200. He lived to see that number swelled to 12,000. There are hundreds of men living in Chicago and other places who



DR. JAMES R. DEWEY. owe to Dr. Dewey's careful training the successes that crowned their later careers.

HAS HAULED 4,000,000 PEOPLE.
The Record of John McCurdy, a Western Engineer.

John McCurdy of Jackson, Mich., who has just resumed his daily trips between Jackson and Michigan City, on the Michigan Central railroad, is 70 years of age and claims to be the oldest locomotive engineer in the country. For 53 years he has worked for the same company and he asserts that he has traveled more miles than any other man that ever pulled a lever in an engine cab. His run is 153 miles long and as he has made in the neighborhood of 20,000 trips the total number of miles he has traveled by rail is in the vicinity of 3,000,000. He has hauled approximately 4,000,000 persons, has never had a serious accident and has never lost a cent to the company.

"Few of the people who ride in comfortable coaches and palatial parlor cars and sleepers," he says, "know what it is for an engineer to give them a safe ride and to keep them warm and comfortable, for the engineer of these times must do all of such things. When I began I had nothing to do but start and stop the engine while on the rail. Now we must brake the whole train, heat it and in many instances light it. Then there is the never relaxing lookout for safety. Sometimes I have had to run the whole length of my division through the heaviest fogs. The snow beating on the fire box will render the outside of it cold enough for you to lay your hand on it. I have known icicles to form on it, despite the fact that there was a raging fire inside. All of this tends to retard steam-making, and in these days when we haul a string of 14 sleepers and keep them all warm we need every ounce of steam we can make."

Iowa the Center of Intelligence.
Westward the star of Journalism takes its way. Ten years ago Massachusetts claimed the highest general intelligence of all the states, because within its borders were the greatest number of newspapers in proportion to the population. Now comes the United States census and shows a quite remarkable change in the last decade. The center of intelligence on the newspaper basis has moved beyond the Mississippi river. Iowa now holds the place that Massachusetts held ten years ago and leads the states with the largest number of newspapers in proportion to the number of inhabitants. The census gives 23,916 as the present number of printing establishments in the country, a gain of 7,916 since 1890.—Ex.

Pens of hardened gutta serena have been repeatedly tried in this country and England, but have not met with success.

NEW PAGE IN HISTORY.

End of the Line of Presidents Who Lived in War Times.

Mr. McKinley was probably the last of the Presidents whom the country will have who served in the civil war. Theodore Roosevelt was only three years old in the early days of the war. True, he is younger than any other President whom the country has had. The chances are, however, that the chief magistrates hereafter will belong to a later generation of men than did those who controlled the nation's destinies from Lincoln's day onward to those of McKinley. All this list of elected Presidents served in the army during the war except Mr. Cleveland.

When Martin Van Buren was elected, two-thirds of a century ago, the country realized that a new epoch in the nation's history had been reached. He was the first of the presidents who was born after the close of the war of independence. All his predecessors, even Jackson, the man who was in office directly before him, had either participated in the war or were old enough to remember its passions and to be influenced, in some degree, at least, by the passions which it generated. Van Buren was born in the last month of 1872, just after the preliminary treaty was signed by which George III. recognized the independence of his late colonies.

In the present instance also a new landmark in the nation's history has been reached. It is now over 36 years since Lee's veterans stacked arms for the last time. Forty years will have passed from that date by the time the next President is inaugurated. Not many men in the army at the close of 1865 were below 22 or 23 years of age. Few of them who will be alive in 1905 will be under 65 years of age, and that mark is pretty close to the dead line in Presidential ambition. Only three Presidents have been as old as 65 at the time of their inauguration—William Henry Harrison, Taylor and Buchanan—and the last named was the only one of them who lived through his term. The chances are that the country has seen in the Presidential office the last of the men who fought in the civil war. The present President belongs to a later generation, and it is likely that all of his successors will. A new page in the nation's history has been turned.

JIM CORBETT BROKE.

Former Champion Has Squandered Two Fortunes in 15 Years.

James J. Corbett, at one time the cleverest man who ever drew on a boxing glove, is now without a dollar and if it were not for his wife, who has a little stored away, like all other fighters of note he would have to depend on his friends for a livelihood. Corbett has made and squandered two fortunes, but claims he will start to make a third. Few men there are who spend such sums in order to be a "good fellow" such as "Gentleman Jim" has. Nevertheless Corbett says it pays to be a "good fellow." During all his life he has made money and believes in spending it liberally with his friends. The former champion said the other day he would rather have the good fellowship of good fellows than all of the money of Rockefeller and Morgan. He believes in having a good time as he passes down the roadway.

"When you make plenty of money," said Corbett, "why not spend it with the good people, the Bohemians, your friends—the world in general? 'Live and let live,' the old motto, is my motto. Give 'em all a chance. Keep the stuff in circulation. It costs money, you know, to be a 'good fellow.' You must have the chink at all times to keep up your end, and when you get in with a bunch that don't happen to be quite as strong financially as yourself you must keep up their end, too. You are required at times to make sacrifices which you would gladly make to help out a chap in hard luck."

"It may be that I am a little soft on this point, but I can truthfully say I never refused a deserving fellow a dollar and if the truth is to be told I must say that I have enough I O U's in my desk at home to plaster the side of a farm barn; and these, too, in sums ranging from \$1 to a thousand."

Where the Boycott Was Effective.

The boycotting by the United Irish League of a grazier at Westport, county Mayo, Ireland, led to a curious incident a few days ago. A steamship for Liverpool had just taken on board a flock of sheep belonging to the boycotted grazier, when a large dealer objected to the sheep being put on board with his stock. He was supported by other dealers, who threatened to unship their stock, and the captain accordingly put the sheep on shore again and they were driven back to the grazier's farm.

The World's Mail Bag.

Of the 12,000,000,000 letters annually distributed by the postoffices of the world, 8,000,000,000 are addressed in English, 1,200,000,000 in German and 1,000,000,000 in French. All the other languages have less than 2,000,000,000 between them.

IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

The Strenuous Stinging Done by Hornets and Wasps—Farmer Acts Like a Madman When He Ploughs Up a Hornets' Nest.

A little joy;
A little strife;
Hope, fear, hate, love—
And this is life.

A little pain;
A shortened breath;
Ease, rest, peace, sleep
And this is death.

The song, the sigh,
The evening call—
Thus live, thus die,
Thus pass we all.

—Arthur J. Burdick.

STRENUOUS STINGERS.

"I read in one of the magazines recently something about the sting of the bees," said a citizen to the New Orleans Democrat, "and I was reminded of an experience I had with a friend some time ago while in the country. He was ploughing over behind a small clump of hills, and they were well wooded almost down to the fence line. It is a section which is noted for making wildcat whisky, and this fact threw me off the track, as will appear hereafter. I was approaching my friend from the hillside. I was riding. Suddenly I thought he glanced at me, and at the time he rushed around hurriedly to the singletree, unhooked the trace chains, threw them across the horse's back, and the animal struck out on a dead run down the turning row which split the ravine. My friend followed, and it was a race for who laid the rail as they say in the country. I could see through it all in a minute. My friend had been making moonshine whisky, and he thought I was a United States marshal. I split my sides laughing over the thought of the thing, and then I struck out down the ravine after him. I traveled some distance before catching sight of my friend and his horse. Finally I found them close to a branch, and my friend was stooping down occasionally, picking up something and smearing it on his hands, face and neck. 'Hello, Bill,' I said, smilingly. 'I guess you thought I was a United States marshal.' 'United States h—!' he said, almost uncivilly. 'I ploughed up a hornets' nest.' And sure enough he had, and both the man and the horse were as knotty as a hickory limb as the result of it all. The bee may be a good stinger, but the hornet is the fleetest thing on wings when it comes to using the stinger with swiftness and effect. That reminds me of the curious methods of bees and things of that sort in stinging," the narrator continued. "Take the honey bee, for instance. Now, the honey bee is what you might call a lazy, clumsy, docile sort of stinger. Really, the bee is awkward when compared with other insects. The bumble bee is a trifle more vigorous, and there is a deal more of what one may call action in its movements. It is a striking sort of sting, and I have seen children almost knocked down by these heavier members of the bee family. It is a mean sting to handle, too, and does not yield so quickly to treatment. The hornet and the yellow jacket sting on the wing, as it were. They do their work quickly, but thoroughly, and they generally leave a record behind them that they would have no cause to feel ashamed of if they had this element in their makeup. But there is my old friend, the wasp. I want to speak of him. He is the prince of stingers. You may not forget him so quickly when he stings you. He leaves a sort of waspy taste in your mouth, and it is anything but pleasant, and it is a taste you will remember even after the years have gone by. The wasp is a lingering sort of fellow. He lovingly and caressingly stings, perches for a while on one's neck, I may say, and then hums about his business. But really, while the wasp lingers longer than other insects while stinging, he also shows more anger, and is probably the most spiteful member in the list of stinging insects."

WAYS TO CATCH TURTLES.

Frank T. Bullen in his new book, "A Sack of Shavings," introduces his readers to the remora, or "sucker," a species of shark that never exceeded a dozen pounds in weight. He says: "On the top of its head is a flat, oval contrivance which is an adhesive attachment of such strength that, when by this means the fish is holding on to a plane surface, it is impossible to drag the body away, except by almost tearing the fish in half. Yet by the flexing of some simple muscles the fish can release its body instantly or as instantly reattach itself. The remora does not by any means limit its company to ships. It is exceedingly fond of attaching itself to the body of a whale, and also to some of the larger sharks. Indeed, it goes a step farther than mere outward attachment in the latter case,

because well-authenticated instances are recorded where several suckers have been found clinging to a huge shark's palate. This is another stage on the way to perfect parasitism, because under such circumstances these daring lodgers need not to detach themselves any more. They had only to intercept sufficient food for their wants on its way from the front door to the interior apartments. I have also seen them clinging to the jaw of a sperm whale, but that jaw was not in working order. It was bent outward at right angles to the body and afforded harborage to a most comprehensive collection of parasites, barnacles especially giving the front elevation of that whale an appearance utterly unlike anything with life." But the Chinaman has outwitted the superlatively lazy remora. By a way one must regard as a triumph of ingenuity he has succeeded in converting the very means whereby this born-tired fish usually escapes all necessity for energy into an instrument for obtaining gain for other people. The mode is as follows: "First catch your remora. No difficulty here. A hook and line of the simplest, a bait of almost anything that looks eatable lowered by the side of a ship, and if there is a sucker hidden there he will be after the lure instantly. The only skill necessary is to haul him up swiftly when he bites, because if he be allowed to get hold of the ship again you may pull the hook out of his jaws, but you will not succeed in detaching him. Having caught a remora, the fisherman fastens a brass ring closely around its body, just at its smallest part before the spread of the tail. To this he attaches a long, fine and strong line. He then departs for the turtle grounds with his prisoner. Arriving there he confines himself to keeping the remora away from the bottom of his boat by means of a bamboo. Of course the captive gets very tired, and no turtle can pass within range of him without his hanging on to that turtle for a rest. The moment he does so the turtle's fate is sealed. Struggle how he may, he cannot shake loose the tenacious grip of the sucker, and the stolid yellow man in the sampan has only to haul in upon the line to bring that unwilling turtle within range of his hands and lift him into the boat."—Chicago News.

COLD ICE AND WARM ICE.

The college professor asked the rest of us whether ice was colder in winter than it was in summer. Now, to the rest of us, ice was ice, and therefore we could not see how it could remain ice and be either colder or warmer. Then the professor explained the thing in this fashion: "If a thermometer is buried in ice in summer it will indicate 32 degrees. If you throw a piece of ice into boiling water, and leave it there until it is almost gone, what is left will be still at 32 degrees. Ice can never be gotten above that temperature. But while ice can never be warmed above 32 degrees, it will go as much below that as the weather does. An iceman delivering ice one zero day in January was asked whether his ice was any colder than in July. He thought not. But, as a matter of fact, a piece of summer ice, if he had had it, would have been something of a foot warmer for him, as it would have been 50 degrees warmer than the air of the bottom of his wagon. Mixing salt with ice makes it much cooler. The ice in a wine cooler goes down to about zero. This is why the point zero on our common thermometers was fixed where it is. It was supposed to be the lowest point which could be reached by artificial means. Since then we have reached about 383 degrees below zero by chemical processes. Ice will cool down with everything else on a cold night to zero or below. What should prevent it? On a day when it is just freezing a block of iron, a block of ice, outdoors, will stay at 32 degrees. If the weather grows warmer the iron will warm up with the weather, but the ice will stay at 32 degrees and melt away. But if the weather grows colder the iron and ice will cool off, and one just as much as the other. As the ice grows colder it gets harder and more brittle. There can be no hickory bend on a skating pond on a zero day, for ice is then too brittle. Slivers of ice dipped in liquid air become so hard that they will cut glass. Water thrown on ice in the Arctic regions will shiver it like pouring boiling water upon cold glass. This is because the ice is so much colder than the water."—Beverages.

Digging Deep for Gold.

A scientific problem of much interest will confront the engineers of the Transvaal gold mines when the war between the English and the Boers is over, and that is the depth to which shafts will be sunk in search of gold-bearing veins. Some of the shafts already opened will descend 4,000 to 5,000 feet, but it is thought by some of the engineers that a depth of 12,000 feet will be reached in other cases. The temperature at that depth will be about 100 degrees, the warmest, perhaps, at which men can work, but the suggestion has been made that a still greater depth may be found practicable if means be devised for cooling the air.—Ulster Globe.